

9-28-1913

Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 September 28

Jane W. Cary

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: <http://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorcary>

Recommended Citation

Cary, Jane W. and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 September 28" (1913). *Jane Cary letters (6C1914)*. 117.
<http://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorcary/117>

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Wellesley Student Correspondence at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jane Cary letters (6C1914) by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

Hester

Wellslay
25 Sept, 1913

Dear Mommy,

Anna wrote me
that you and Helen are home.
How happy you all must be
to be together again and how
I should love to be there too!
She said that the neighbors
were all good to her while
she was housekeeper. I am
so glad, for I thought of her
all alone and only hoped
that the week wasn't
seeming as long to her as
it was to me. I feel as if
I had been here three or four

weeks already, I guess the first week always seems longest.

I did have a lovely little vacation over one night though. You have heard me speak about Helen Wheeler, the one who lives in Waltham and who went to Germany this summer, haven't you? Well, she asked me to go over and see her last Wednesday afternoon and stay all night. I got over there about four o'clock and left at half past seven the next morning; it is only a

little ways from here you know. Rachael Drake, the girl who gave me her hoop, was there too and she stayed to supper and all night. Maybe we didn't talk! I was glad to see them both again, for they are fine and it is lonesome with them gone from here now. And we had the best thing to eat while I was there. Mrs. Wheeler is quite a famous cook and things tasted so good. For supper we had beefsteak, squash, sweet potatoes, and bis-

cuits five or six inches high!
Then for last, we had cut up
peaches, cake with white or
chocolate frosting and vanilla
ice cream with a lot of
chocolate sauce. I guess she
knew how Helen used to like
good things to eat when
she came home from school.
They surely are mighty nice
to me over there.

And I was hungry when I
wrote too, for we have a
new cook, or rather I should
say "assistant" this year, and
she's terribly afraid of cooking

an extra pan cake. She is a
friend of my dear friend
Mrs. Eastman and she told us
all when we came that we had
no cook this year, but an assistant.
Marguerite heard Mrs. Eastman
telephoning ^{to} the head of the
dormitories, the other day, and
saying how fine the new assis-
tant was "why she uses two or
three less hods of coal than Mrs.
Dalton (last year's cook) did,"
Marguerite said that she thought
to herself that Mrs. Dalton
used to give us more and better
cooked food. Probably she

will do better when she has
been here longer, for I suppose
it is hard to get used to us.

I like all that I am taking
this year. I have two men - one
in Education and the other in
History. The Education man is
quab, he was talking, the other
day, about college and what it
did to one, and he said that
sometimes when a boy went
to college and came back after
his first year, his parents would
say with the Israelites "we
have put in our gold and
they has come out this calf!"

He is always making clever remarks like that and although I think he is going to make us work hard, it will be worth while.

You know every Senior class has a Legenda; it is a book with the pictures of all the girls in the class in it and all the interesting things that have happened. So we had to pay a dollar and go in to have our pictures taken. I went yesterday with Evelyn and we had the agony over at the same time. He took eight

views, as if they aren't good, I suppose he will say, "well, I can't change the face."

I thought perhaps you might be interested to see my schedule for this year. I was tickled when I saw it and thought how grand to have only one class on Saturday. Then Mrs. Eastman went and gave me bells from ten to twelve.

That means come back here and sit down stairs all morning to answer telephone and door bells. Everyone has them, but some times are

much more convenient than others. I wouldn't care so much, except that most of my studying is in the library and I can't bring that down here very well. She said there were only two of us who had that time off and she gave it to me.

But I have what I want for domestic work - waiting on table at breakfast and sweeping the dining room. There are three of us who do it, we get down stairs ten minutes before time for break-

fast, put on the fruit, cereal,
cream, water, and butter,
then wait on table, clear off
the dishes and then we take
turns doing the dining room.
It is such a relief to get it
over in the morning instead
of having those horrible old
dinner dishes haunting me
all day.

I shall think of you all to-day. I
get home sick at the queerest times.
The other morning when I was sweeping
the dining room I just wished I was there
sweeping the kitchen instead!

I love to hear from home. Tell the others.
Much love from Jane.